

100
THE
LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

MAJOR-GENERAL IN THE ARMY AND LEADER OF THE
REPUBLICAN PARTY.



BY
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Editor La Crosse Democrat.

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Butler's advance upon New Orleans.—See Revelation, sixteenth chapter
first clause of fifteenth verse.

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Wm. L. Ames

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INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this little book is twofold.

First, to inform the people of other nations of the character of a prominent representative New Englander, whose record is one of beastliness, venality, double-dealing, fraud, dishonesty, corruption, and betrayal of trusts, and to warn boys in this or other countries against forsaking the right to become a leader of thieves.

The second is to show the world the kind of a man or person the republican party, which claims for and to itself all the virtue, honesty, religion, intelligence, and patriotism of the land, chooses for a leader, and bows in worship before.

As an American citizen, we feel it our duty to protest in the name of all that is good, against the cursing of the land with the reputation of

one who is repudiated, spurned, disowned by every honest man, woman, and child in the country, old enough to know the history of Beast Butler, as he is appropriately called.

It is not our aim to speak unkindly or unjustly, merely to put in print the universal opinion of honest people concerning an officer of our army, a law-maker for our country. To do this, we aim to no harshness of language for effect, simply to make these pages a mirror in which moral and bodily ugliness shall be faithfully portrayed.

The minor events of his life are immaterial, the subject not being worth a memoir, hardly any one caring when he was born, where raised, how soon he dies, or where he goes after death.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE subject of this sketch, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, Major-General in the army of the United States by Republican appointment, and member of Congress from a district in Massachusetts at the present writing, was born in the town of Deerfield, State of New Hampshire, November 5, 1818, of poor but respectable parents on the side of his mother. The old homestead is on what is known as the Deerfield p'ke, a few miles from Manchester, New Hampshire. Here his father, Benjamin Butler, pursued his vocation for a number of years before and after the subject of whom we write was born. The mother of young Ben was a most estimable woman, despite all which may have been or will be said against her. The father, the elder Ben Butler, was a dissolute, profligate character, who worked here and there by the day, earning a scanty living for his

family, making up by theft and night-stealing what he could not accumulate by work. At last he became so notorious as a prowler, that he was obliged to leave the country to avoid arrest and incarceration, and for a long time no one knew of his whereabouts, and cared even less.

Enough was it for the neighbors to know that he had left the country, and a feeling of security more than atoned for his absence. His wife, like a good woman, felt the responsibility of her situation, determined to support her family, and became the proprietor of a country tavern, where she entertained man and beast, as is usually the custom at wayside inns or hostelries in the country.

For a number of years no one knew of the whereabouts of the elder Butler. He had left the country for his country's good, and those who knew him were so glad at his absence, and so full of sympathy for his wife, that her business grew apace, and afforded her an ample living. It was known that the husband and father had fled from the country and gone to sea as a sailor. At last came a report, strange and startling, but not unexpected. A merchant vessel returned from a voyage; her captain and a few passengers brought tidings of Butler, who, with two others, they saw hung

in irons from the yard-arm of a vessel, off Cadiz, for piracy and murder on the high seas. Recognizing the man, learning his guilt, knowing his early history, witnesses of his execution, they brought news of his fate, which satisfied the people who had known him, and which news has never been contradicted.

CHAPTER TWO.

THE little inn by the roadside grew into favor, and became a noted resort for teamsters, pedlers, and others who wished food and lodgings for themselves and their cattle. The life of Mrs. Butler was an exemplary one. The people respected her sorrow, and lamented with her over the profligacy and vagabondage of her son Benjamin, who was known as the dirtiest, sauciest, lyingest child on the road. His brother, Andrew J. Butler, was the best boy of the two, but not so sharp, quick-witted, or reckless as Benjamin, who grew up rough, tough, and saucy.

He was tricky and wanton, serving in youth as a warning to other boys. No boy in the country could lie like Ben Butler, as he was called. Pious, prudent parents forbade their children playing with him, for, besides stealing from them *pocket* articles, he was con-

W. L. Ames

tinually urging them into some scrape. Chickens learned to eye him as a hen does a hawk. Pedlers were sure to lock their trunks the *second* time they stopped at his mother's inn, and then learned to keep their trunks and packages in the same room in which they slept. But, for all their caution, Ben kept himself in trinkets to trade with other boys, trading the articles he stole for those not stolen, thus, as he said, *acquiring property of his own!*

As he grew in years he became an eye-sore to those around him, and took delight in insulting little girls and beating smaller boys than himself. His mother was called on at last to settle for articles taken from the trunks and wagons of her guests, and thus lost the profits of her business, was forced to sell out, quit the business, and remove to Lowell, Mass., where she opened a respectable boarding-house, and succeeded quite well.

Meantime, Ben had grown to be quite a boy. His foolish "Butlerish" pranks, it was hoped, would be outgrown. He was sent to school, and had the name of being a pert, sharp, saucy boy, up to all sorts of tricks, but entirely unreliable. From the school he went to the study of law, applying himself to it with

much earnestness, till at last he was admitted to practice, and began his career.

As a lawyer he was tricky, and nine times out of ten robbed his client. His first start was won by sharp practice. An employé of a factory was refused payment of a small sum due; Butler saw the party, offered to collect the bill, swore out papers, attached the main water, or driving wheel, and thus stopped all the machinery of the concern! The proprietors settled the bill at once, beside Butler's fees, rather than be delayed a week or two waiting the delays of law and adjournments of a suit which, by stopping all their machinery, would have been of great loss to them.

This was considered sharp practice, and gave Butler quite a name. Clients with doubtful cases and worse characters came to him, paid liberally, and helped Butler trick others, or were tricked by him.

One more instance, and we have done with this chapter.

A thief came to him one day for advice. He had been arrested, was just up for trial, and sent for Butler. He went to the court-room, had a whispered conversation with his new client, and asked permission to retire to a room adjacent with the prisoner, for

a few moments' consultation. The judge directed him to go into the jury-room, confer with the prisoner, and return with him as quick as possible, that the duties of the court might not be delayed. The sheriff opened the door, when Butler and his client passed in, closed the door, and were alone. After a few moments had passed away, Butler opened the door slightly, stood a few moments talking in a half audible tone, and then walked to the clerk's desk to look at some papers, when he directed the sheriff to bring in the prisoner.

On opening the door to the jury room, imagine the surprise of the sheriff to see it empty. An open window told the story. The prisoner had escaped. No one blamed Butler. But a few years after a horse thief was captured, who proved to have been the prisoner who jumped out of the window, and who stated on oath that he did so at Butler's advice. On entering the room, Butler said to him :

"You are guilty. How much money have you?"

"Two hundred and seventy dollars."

"Give me two hundred and fifty, and I'll clear you. If you don't, up you go!"

The prisoner handed over the money, when Butler raised the window, and said:

“Do you see that window? If you don’t want to go to prison, do you jump out there and run like hell; I’ll stand at the door and talk low, so the officers will think I am talking to you, till you have got out of sight.”

The fellow cleared the window, the lawyer cleared his client, after first clearing his pockets, and no one would have known the particulars but for the arrest of the party the second time.

CHAPTER THREE.

As a sharp, shystering attorney, Butler was a success. Dishonest, reckless, tricky, full of technical quibbles, he went through New England laws much as a cat crawls through a hedge, generally managing to drag his client after him, but badly torn in pocket. If the hole was too small for attorney and client to squeeze through, Butler managed to make his passage, taking with him the fees.

Besides the law, he turned his attention to politics, professing the most earnest democracy. As a wire-puller and manager of caucuses he had few equals. By aid of his wits and associates he grew into prominence and became a leading democratic politician. At conventions and controlling nominations he was powerful. He was bold where others were timid. He talked when others were silent. He carried his points by

impudence more than by argument, and made politics pay him in various ways.

He claimed to be an ultra democrat of national ideas. He was a friend of President Buchanan and an enemy of Stephen A. Douglas. In the spring of 1860, Ben Butler occupied a prominent position in the democratic party. He was a speaker, a wire-puller, a leader of the democracy of Massachusetts—the avowed friend of the then President, and one of the bitterest opponents to republican or abolition ideas and principles. He was opposed to the nomination of S. A. Douglas for the Presidency, but at last, as the writer well remembers, visited the house of Mr. Douglas, in Washington, in the spring of 1860, promised to be the friend of that illustrious statesman, and said he was convinced no other man than Douglas could be nominated or elected President. He wished to bury the political hatchet, and in behalf of the democracy of New England, whom he claimed to represent, asked and obtained leave to present the name of S. A. Douglas to the Convention soon to assemble in Charleston, and for the East, to urge the nomination of a Western man for the Presidency.

At last this favor was granted him. But at the nominating Convention he opposed Mr. Douglas,

betrayed his friends, and voted over fifty times for Jefferson Davis and secession, promising many Southern people that President Buchanan should stand by them in their efforts to create and maintain a separate government.

CHAPTER FOUR.

HERE Butler was the avowed friend of the South, and took sides with that section, urging them to secede, and promising in behalf of the Northern democracy, hostility to any coercive measures.

On his return home, he was greeted by a storm of just indignation for his wicked conduct. During the campaign of 1860, he did all in his power to encourage secession, till at last, when the war began, he tendered his services to Abraham Lincoln, and in time became a Major-General in the United States volunteer army. With no military ability, genius, or knowledge, he was, by the head of the republican party, given position for his betrayal of political trust, and placed in command of brave troops, whom he led to butchery, to pillage, but never to victory.

His career as an officer in the Union army was one of villainy, theft, murder, and wholesale confiscation.

He stole all he could lay his hands on. He robbed banks, houses, citizens, and even the dead in their coffins.

In New Orleans he hung innocent persons, and inaugurated a system of robbery never before known or attempted. He surrounded himself with thieves, robbers, and bad men. He used the army for private purposes, gave his partners in crime permits to furnish the enemy with munitions of war stolen from United States authorities.

He robbed the living and the dead.

He robbed banks of bullion. He robbed houses of silverware, such as spoons and plate, which he sent North, at Government expense, to his home at Lowell.

He sent his agents and thieves to rob houses of furniture, which he sent to his home in the North.

He stole from one regiment to supply another, and for months perpetrated swindles and robberies on the people he warred against, and the Government he was pretending to uphold, till the country stood amazed at his robberies, and at the administration which kept him in power.

He stole, or received from his fellow thieves, in and about the army, spoons, silverware, jewelry, paintings, books, and furniture, stolen or taken by power

of the bayonet from the homes of private citizens, non-combatants at that, till he realized a fortune of *millions of dollars* from his robberies.

He issued an order branding every lady who appeared on the streets of New Orleans, when he was in command, as a prostitute, and by it gave his minions full permission to insult even the purest women of all the land.

Repulsive, beastly in looks, he became still more so in character, till he was by the writer of this given the name of Beast Butler, which title he is known by all over the country; and so universally is he detested, that not one in three speaks of him by any other prefix or name.

Never, in all the annals of history, was there so beastly a man, so corrupt a politician, so big a thief, so unprincipled a robber, so extensive a swindler, so lying, debased, and cowardly a knave, such an insulter of virtue, innocence, and womanly goodness, so speculative an executive, so rotten, venal, corrupt, infamous, sneaking, contemptible, brutal, incompetent, universally despised and detested an individual as Benjamin F. Butler, who has graduated in every school of vice, and become a leader in the "great moral party," as the party he belongs to claims to be.

CHAPTER FIVE.

It is not of the generalship of Butler we speak, for he had none, beyond his executive capacity. Our aim is not to particularize, but to speak in general terms of one who has been all things, politically, from a democrat to a secessionist—from a friend to the South to a republican—from a republican to a blatant abolitionist, and who now seeks to be again admitted to good fellowship in the democratic party, as a drunken sot returns to his family after a night spent in the filth of the gutter or the embrace of the vilest and most diseased companions he could find.

He entered the army for the sole purpose of plunder, as a thief enters a church to steal the communion service. He saw that the army was fast filling up with thieves, robbers, plunderers, speculators, and others of the played out dishonest political school, and had no

trouble in procuring a place. Once in the Union army, his great genius for theft shone most clearly out. It was not theft which sneaks into houses at dead of night at risk of life, but baser, meaner, more cowardly. It was that of a bully who robbed the weak and defenseless while his companions held them powerless.

Clothed in the pomp and tinsel of war, he chose for his nearest friends bullies, robbers, and speculators. He employed an army of spies to bring to his headquarters information, true or false, concerning business men and civilians within his military province. One aged man, a life-long resident of New Orleans, was accused of too great plainness of speech, arrested, dragged before the Beast, incarcerated, and starved nearly to death. His partners in business pleaded in vain for his release, which was at last effected, on the condition that the firm, of which the prisoner was a member, would sell to the Beast, through an agent, four hundred hogsheads of sugar, at a price of four cents a pound, the market value being twelve cents. The bargain was struck, the sugar delivered, and was by Butler sent to Boston on a Government vessel, free of charge for freight, and there sold at twenty cents per pound, the money going to Butler. The aged citizen was released, but not converted to loyalty.

Owners of ships laden with perishable goods, coming into port, would be seized, charged with treason or other offense, and hurried to jail. Some one of Butler's agents would be placed in charge of the vessel and cargo, every thing valuable would be sold, the vessel confiscated or run off, and in time the owner would be liberated, to find no sign or trace of his property, other than by military orders it had been taken from him. The money thus obtained would be divided between General Butler and the other thieves, and in this way his fortune rose as if by magic.

The occupation of New Orleans by the United States troops with General Butler in command, gave the villain ample field for his labors. As commander of that military department his only aim was to accumulate money, and to oppress people more patriotic, noble, honest, and deserving than himself. Adding cowardice to his beastly qualities, he moved only when surrounded by armed guards. He wore a vest of steel; compelled those who sought audience to be examined, and deprived of all articles which might be considered weapons, even to watches and pocket-books. Fearful of death from disease, he instituted and enforced sanitary measures in New Orleans of a high order, and here his praiseworthy conduct ends.

His agents, tools, or hirelings were given permits to trade in articles contraband of war, and with leading Confederate officers Butler and his agents bargained for and delivered guns, pistols, powder, percussion caps, and such munitions, charging for the same enormous prices, and receiving in exchange cotton, sugar, and other products of the South at low rates, selling the same North at unheard of gains. Entire steamboat loads of these articles were, by permits from Butler, run out of port, and delivered to agents of the Confederate government. The boats would proceed to some out of the way place in some bayou or wild place on the river, where, unnoticed and out of reach of Northern troops, their cargoes would be exchanged for produce, and in the night run to market.

An idea may be had of the profits of these transactions, when it is known that cotton bought by Butler and his agents outside the lines of the Northern army of occupation for ten cents a pound in greenbacks, brought in the Northern market one dollar per pound, and often more; shipment by water and by land generally being at Government expense, though the Government derived no profit, nor received any fraction of the proceeds.

Persons accused of disloyalty were in hundreds of

instances arrested by Butler, and their property confiscated for his own use, though his government accounts were strictly kept. Women, pure, virtuous, and refined, have been arrested by his order in New Orleans, and, when brought before him, stripped naked, that he might see for himself that they had no diamonds hidden about their persons. In some instances he, with a beastliness never known before, ordered ladies examined, even after they stood naked, to see if they had not secreted about their bodies valuables, or valuable slips of paper. The manner of conducting these examinations our pen can not for shame record.

CHAPTER SIX.

THE rebellion, which Butler was professing to aid in putting down, was a god-send to thousands of thieves, swindlers, and vagabonds, who, like Butler, donned the uniform worn by Northern troops, only for plunder and personal advantages. The great mass of the army was honest ; made up of patriotic, country-loving men. Against these we have not here, nor have we ever had a word to say. But there mixed in with, and oftentimes secured control of braver and better men, the most infamous, ignorant, selfish, dishonest, corrupt, and blundering persons, who, for political reasons, were made officers, too generally rising, as in Butler's case, to positions of trust, as they were brutal, beastly, dishonest, and unworthy.

Had the entire army been honest—had the administration purged the list of officers of Butler and others

like him, but less corrupt, the war would have ended in half the time it did, at less than one-third the loss of life, and at a corresponding discount from the extraordinary expense attending it.

The case of Butler serves to illustrate the point. He was despised by the republicans for being a democrat. He turned from a Northern man to a Southern one in professed feeling; then, to fill his pockets, rushed in to steal. The honest people of the land despised him now more than ever, for he was the same villainous compound of brass, strut, corruption, and egotism, based on a shrewdness and a knowledge that he had fools to deal with, and report to. The President and officers of his cabinet knew of all his rascality, yet kept him in power, because he was obnoxious to the democrats North, and the people in rebellion South. He was no soldier; never won a victory. He was no officer; for officers require heart, and honest ones, too. But he was a good thief, and thieves were protected by Mr. Lincoln, to the disgrace of the country, and sickening of the people. The aim was to have men in power obnoxious to the people. The people of the South, for good reasons, emulated Northern example, hated Beast Butler, and for this reason he was kept for a long time in command, the Government constantly advised

of his frauds, corruptions, speculations, and beastly brutalities.

This fact emboldened other thieves of lesser grade and caliber. Other officers saw that the administration which would protect Butler would hardly meddle with, or call them to account.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

THAT the career of Beast Butler in the army was one of beastly acts, fraud, corruption, iniquity, cruelty, oppression, and usurpation, is not remarkable, all things considered. Naturally a thief, swindler, trickster, and villain, known as a renegade from principle the moment he applied for a position in the army, every confidence reposed in him by Lincoln was with a knowledge of the future, so far as it was possible for human being to judge by the past.

The merchant who makes a cashier of a professional thief is either a fool or knave. He expects to be robbed, or would employ an honest man. And if the head man of his store be a thief, honest men will not be in demand for inferior positions.

If the war had been to save the Union, and restore the country to its proud prosperity, it was the duty

of the administration to punish villainy in the army by death, or dismissal in disgrace.

But the administration would not do this. Rotten itself, it preferred rottenness, and by keeping such thieves as Butler in command, offered rewards, place, and protection to every lesser villain in the country who might escape State prison, and claim the flag of his country as protection.

As the war progressed, it became more the runaway of robbers. Beast Butler, Banks, Curtis, and hundreds of officers who fought only for plunder, were in high favor. No one in power offered to punish the wrong. At last the adventurers, thieves, swindlers, and broken-down humanities of the country, saw in the army green fields and running streams, where a man, if "loyal," might rob with impunity; steal even at the expense of life of his comrades or inferiors, till the war, which was by the North begun in earnest for the restoration of the Union, became, under the management of Beast Butler, Banks, B. W. Prentiss, and others of that ilk, but a murderous band of plunder-seekers—a disastrous crusade for cotton—a mangling machine for the torture of honesty and sacrifice of poor soldiers, slain to enrich dishonest generals.

The flag of our nation, once so beautiful and hallowed, was used to mark the place of deposit for stolen goods.

With the administration to uphold him—with a President lacking character sufficient to purge the army of so vile a wretch—with an army at his command—with chosen tools from prisons, and associates venal like himself—with the republican party to indorse and uphold any and every man who professed loyalty, no matter how big a thief he might be, it is no wonder Beast Butler gave full scope to his wondrous desires and fancies. There was nothing to interfere. An honest man, witnessing the sufferings of his country, would have needed no restraint on his passions or interference with his plans. But Butler was not honest, nor made he the least pretensions to that beautiful trait of character.

A patriot like any of those good old "rebels" who fought to win America from English despotism and dominion, would have fought only for his country; but Butler the Beast was no patriot, and never boasted of that or chivalry.

He went into the army reeking, dripping with moral nastiness. He offered himself as a rotten leader for the republican party, which claimed and claims to be honest, and his offer was accepted. He went in

the army as a thief, he came out with his reputation so firmly established, that history will never contradict his record.

The party he deserted was too honest for him, too patriotic, therefore he left. The party he embraced rotten itself, based on love of plunder, was glad of such a leader and champion, and gave him place of trust and profit. When he stole, the great moral party applauded. When he insulted, the great Christian party gave prayers for his success. When he murdered, the great philanthropic party sang peans of joy. When he ravished innocence, the great virtuous party danced with delight. When he robbed the people and the government, the great retrenchment party shouted in glee. When he sacrificed thousands of brave soldiers who were honestly fighting for their country, the great loyal party capered for joy, and had a chance to fill more quotas. When he filled his pockets with spoons and boasted of his conquests, the great honest party shouted in ecstasy over his achievements; and when he disgraced the entire nation by his corrupt, wicked abominations, the entire Christian party he was a leader of, glorified God, and thanked Him that so wondrous a man had been brought out

of Sodom to break the back-bone of the rebellion by robbing the people, and disgracing the army !

Butler was not to blame for his acts. He saw that he was popular with those in power, and that the bigger the thief, the more abject the coward, the more monstrous the iniquity ; the higher in favor he stood with Mr. Lincoln, the administration, and the great moral republican party.

The time and the man had met. A thief was wanted—the devil sent him ready made. The work was especially to his hand. The son of a thief and pirate—inheriting his attributes, held in restraint by the democratic party, till his corruption, like fermenting wine, broke the hoops of the cask, he fairly ran over with joy at the happiness unspeakable experienced when he found that, by deserting his former party, he could join one where the greater the corruption, the more infamous the man, the more unprincipled the knave, the more plundering the general, the more bigoted the leader, the more degraded the soul, the surer the reward and higher the honor, if honor by any construction it could be.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

WE do not mention Beast Butler's military record for it is not worth the mention. His success was in villainy as his career is without a precedent.

The idea! A brutal, beastly, tricky boy becomes a man. With no honesty of purpose he joins a party only when it comes in sight of the plunder. With never a patriotic throb in his heart, he donned the uniform of braver and better men, as the livery of heaven is often stolen to serve the devil in, and as professions are the masks to hide intentions. His birth was a disgrace to New England, his history a disgrace to American virtue, morality, and intelligence.

He was protected in and rewarded for his corruptions, therefore is his guilt not the less his own, but the more his country's. When danger filled the air,

he was not to be found. But where there was money to be made, people to be robbed, or women to be insulted, there was Beast Butler in all his pomp, glory, brutality, and egotism.

CHAPTER NINE.

BEAST BUTLER is no fool. A sharper, shrewder, more cunning, thievish, quick-witted, unprincipled scoundrel, never went unhung or unwhipped of justice. His brain is active as his heart is devilish. He is the only person we ever saw entirely destitute of honesty or any of the nobler attributes. He is all self, all corruption, all knavery, all egotism, all cowardice. And the party he is now the great leader of, has developed the thirst for thievery which always existed with the Beast, for it is made up of two classes. First, the persons like Beast Butler, who indorse or work only for profit; secondly, the honest men who are not posted, not informed; who mean well, but lack the moral courage to come out from the bondage they are in.

It is the duty of every man to belong to a political party. It is his further duty to belong to that party

whose principles are in accordance with liberty and equality, and whose leaders are honest men; for dishonest men, like Butler, using party power for private aims and personal profits, soon debauch those on whose votes they rely, make the welfare of the country subservient to the individual, and thus destroy the Government and principles of government we all wish to preserve.

But this man has no idea or wish to save a government. He lives solely for power and plunder. He had it in his grasp to make of himself a great man; he sought to make of himself a great villain, and succeeded, partly from innate wickedness, partly by his party support, which indorsed him, and still keeps him in power, or partially so.

The Beast is a study—he is a genius of the devil conceived in fiendishness, and reared in corruption. His was a nature—a wolfish, brutal instinct—on which New England hate, puritanism, bigotry, prejudice intolerance, and that wondrous love for gain which so long has marked her history, could build with success. To the instincts of a thief was given him the cunning of a fox, the ferocity of the hyena when digging into graves for plunder. He stole because it was

his nature. He robbed banks of gold, calling the army to his aid, and has been compelled to disgorge thousands of dollars of his ill-gotten gains, and the end is not yet.

Butler

CHAPTER TEN.

Our readers will ask how it is that Butler could be such a thief, and go unpunished. We will tell you. The party in power of which he was a part, substituted the bayonet for the ermine—set aside law under the plea of military necessity, and under this plea robbed, murdered, and plundered with impunity. The general became the judge, his partners in crime were the jury, and those who clamored for justice suddenly disappeared, never to be heard of more.

New Orleans was the scene of Butler's greatest exploits. Here he robbed people. Here he took up his headquarters at a hotel, the St. Charles, remained there till his bill amounted to thousands of dollars, when he stole the spoons and other silver ware, and left his bill to this day unpaid.

His agents took possession of business houses, pri-

vate residences, banks, jewelry stores, and libraries. The owner would be charged with some crime, brought before the Beast, who ordered the prisoner into confinement, sent him or her into exile—confiscated the property, and such of it as might be valuable, sent North, to be sold at auction in New England cities, or kept to adorn his house in Lowell.

The persons of members of his family are to this day adorned with jewels, stolen by Butler, or his agents in the South.

If money was wanted, a store would be closed, and the owner arrested. For a certain sum he could be released, and his liberty given him, but never was a luxury more expensive. To criticise his acts was to incur the enmity of the Beast, who delighted to torture as he loved to steal.

A people that might have been won by kindness, were, through the Beast, by edict of the republican party, driven to hate, and for good reason, thousands of innocent people. If a lady on the streets spoke in just terms, or failed to praise the monster when his name might be mentioned, if his spies heard it, she at once became a target for his spite, and the subject of insult and humiliation by his order. Never was a man so universally detested—never did woman before

his mother bring to earth so great an insult to humanity and disgrace to a country.

Troops would by his order be sent on raids in the country to confiscate property. Cotton, sugar, tobacco, or other produce, disappeared before his "orders" like mountain dew. Permits to trade in contraband articles would be given to his partners. Property by right belonging to rebels in arms would be seized and held for a time as Government property, and then released to some of the partners of the Beast, who would sell the released property on private account.

The better to illustrate the plan of finances adopted by the Beast and others of his class, we relate an occurrence quite common to the army. The faithfulness of the picture will be recognized by thousands who know the plan of cotton campaigns in the South.

One morning a courier, mounted, his horse panting and covered with foam, rode up to the headquarters of the general, and demanded audience. Said he, panting for breath :

"Gen-general ; twelve miles out of the city, on a plantation, three hundred guerrillas are camped. They will remain there till to morrow. The Union people about there are in great danger, and wish you to send out a regiment of cavalry to protect them !"

The general ordered a colonel to start at once with a regiment of horse for the scene, with special instructions to capture the enemy ; also to take with him a hundred army wagons, each drawn by six mules, and to collect forage for the troops. Before night the troop was off. The next morning it returned with no guerrillas, as none had been there. It was a false report ; but the army wagons were each laden with bales of cotton.

The telegraph and paid newspaper correspondents at once announced the brilliant exploits of the dashing colonel, praised the watchful care of the great general, and congratulated the North with the fact that a large body of rebel cavalry, or of rangers, had been broken and routed, with large numbers of killed, and that many thousand dollars worth of stores had been captured and turned over to the United States Government, to be sold to help pay the expenses of the war.

The cotton was so turned over, and marked to be sent North ; but before it was started, a bland looking man came along, and claimed all that cotton as personal property.

“ Who are you ? ” asked the general.

“ My name is Brownson,” replied the man ; “ I am a loyal man ; I live here ; I bought all that cotton a

month ago, and left it there, for I had no teams to bring it in. It is my personal property ; here is my bill of sale, with four good, 'loyal' men's names as witnesses. I demand that it be released !"

"Oh, certainly, if it is yours. I thought it was cotton belonging to the rebels, and, therefore, confiscated it. The colonel who captured it thought it rebel property also. I will order my quartermaster to release it to you at once, as I would not harm a loyal man. Reporters, please make a note of the fact that loyal men are protected while rebels are punished."

"Ah, thank you, general ; you are both just and great !"

The cotton released, the bland person marked it to another address, sent it to market, or sold it there to some pet of the party who had a permit to purchase. The bland man was a partner of the robber general, and sold the cotton for a round price, dividing the proceeds between the general, the colonel, and the agent. When cotton was worth a dollar a pound, a bale of cotton was worth five hundred dollars, a hundred bales fifty thousand dollars ; and it was a poor general who could not steal or confiscate five hundred or a thousand bales a day, the proceeds going, not to

the Government, but to the thieves in uniform who were in power.

Often these raids were attended with great loss of life, instances being more common than victories where scores of brave men were lost in these crusades for plunder.

CHAPTER ELEVEN.

WE have aimed not to give the biography of Beast Butler, but to mention his peculiar traits. He was a natural thief—an expert robber. To his natural depravity he added legal trickery and wondrous effrontery. His military record was but murder—his victories never were won. He was a tool for bad men, and the foulest blot ever permitted to be affixed to our national escutcheon. Himself and family are shunned by honest people—his name is synonymous with all that is infamous—he is a warning to all who would follow in the path of wickedness, and while this republic lasts he will be remembered only as Beast Butler.

A few nigger children and thievish dogs are, or have been, named after him, but in all the land there is no mother or father—no matter how lost or depraved, who would so curse a child as to give him a

name so lost, so devilish, so rotten, so corrupt, so infamous, so despised as Benjamin F. Butler, the robber, coward, thief, and woman insulter of America.

Honest men everywhere wash their hands of him, and leave him where he belongs, at the head of the republican or great moral party of reformers, who have indorsed his crimes, and rewarded him with a seat in the halls of legislation, and the position of leader.

CONCLUSION.

WE conclude the sketch of Butler by a synopsis of his public life, not that it amounts to much, but to complete the work, and to do him simple justice, leaving for another power to give him his just deserts, and leaving him in the hands of his friends, the republicans, whose leader he is.

BUTLER'S OFFICIAL RECORD.

So far as the simple official record of Butler is concerned, the following data tell the story:

He was born at Deerfield, N. H., on the 5th of November, 1818. After an ordinary education, he was admitted to the bar, beginning to practice in 1840. In 1844 he attended the National Democratic Convention, and worked with that party until 1852, at which time he was known as a "Coalitionist," working with the free soilers to crush out the whigs. In 1852, he went to the Massachusetts Legislature. In 1858, he was elected Brigadier-General of the State forces. In 1858 he was the "Liberal" candidate for Governor, but was defeated by the "Hunker" candidate. That

fall he was sent to the State Senate, and in 1859 was again the defeated gubernatorial candidate. In 1860, he was a member of the celebrated convention at Charleston, where he distinguished himself as the champion *par excellence* of Jefferson Davis, and upon his return from the adjourned convention at Baltimore, was hooted in the streets of his own city, and his speech in the evening was stopped by a mob. He volunteered as brigadier-general in December, 1860, leaving Boston on the 18th. On the 4th of May, 1861, he seized the Relay House, and on the 13th occupied Baltimore, issuing a proclamation from Federal Hill on the 14th. For this he was severely censured by Lt.-Gen. Scott. On the 16th of May, 1861, he was commissioned major-general by President Lincoln, and assigned to a new department, Virginia, embracing Southeastern Virginia, North and South Carolina, with headquarters at Fortress Monroe. At the same time Banks, Dix, and others were commissioned, and Butler subsequently claimed that, as his commission did not specify the *volunteer* rank, he was therefore of regular rank, and insisted upon ranking all the other officers in the army. It is needless to remark that his pretensions were absurd, and so regarded. On the 9th and 10th of June, Butler initiated Big Bethel, the disastrous

result of which was the first reverse of the war. On the 19th day of August, 1861, he was relieved from command of the Department of Virginia, and on the 26th of August went with Commodore Stringham on an expedition against the fort at Hatteras Inlet. The winter of 1861-62 Butler spent at the East, at the head of the Department of New England, preparing for an attack on New Orleans. In April, Admiral Farragut began the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and kept it up for six days without effecting any good result. He then ran past on the 25th, anchored in front of New Orleans, and, after further operations, Butler was enabled to invest Fort St. Philip, sail up the river, and on the 1st of May, 1862, to enter the city of New Orleans. He remained at New Orleans until the 16th of November, 1862, when he was relieved by General Banks. In July, and subsequently in November, 1863, Butler was given command in New York city. He commanded the army of the James in the campaign of the spring of 1864. In December, he planned an expedition against Fort Fisher, under direction of General Grant, but lamentably failed, and went to Washington to explain why it was that Fisher could not be taken. While he yet spoke, a dispatch was received from General Terry, announcing

the capture of the fort. This laid him out as a chieftain. In November, 1866, he was elected to represent the Essex district in Congress.

The following extracts from the *La Crosse Democrat* were indorsed by the people at the time published, as now. We present them for no literary worth, but rather to describe the Beast and his customs.

The following is supposed to be the Saturday-night soliloquy of the Beast :

SOLILOQUY OF BEN BUTLER.

AND this is my home ? And all this ease and luxury is mine ; all stolen from honest people. All these spoons, all these paintings, all this silverware, a dictionary of initials, all this furniture, all these clocks, statuettes, engravings, chinaware, jewelry for my family, watches for myself and friends, are mine. Was ever human soul sold for so great a price ?

My name is Benjamin F. Butler. That is not my name, but it is the epithet given my tenement of corruption by the fiends who begat me. I am full of worms—worms which in the future will swarm in my rotten carcass, sicken and die from the poison in me. And each worm is but the crawling livingness of the evils which fill my soul, that is, if brutes like I have souls. I have a great brain—a greater memory.

I remember back to New Orleans, to Fort Fisher, to Big Bethel, to the Baltimore and Charleston Conventions, to my early life of corruption and infamy, to my partnership with thieves and swindlers—to my boyhood, which was spent in stealing, lying, cowardly abuse of little children, and study of my own nature, that I might draw inspiration of my wickedness from my own soul—to the hour of my birth, back through the wondrous avenues of conception, and here my individuality begins as Brute Beast Blundering Bag-eyed Ben Butler.

And from thence at intervals I trace my genealogy as follows :

Before God with His high hand moved the world into form there were spirits of evil, souls naturally damned. Each cycle of years made a hell. There were at the time of my conception seventeen thousand hells, or vaults of damnation, in which had been swept the damned ones of the damned. And each of these vaults was a hermetically-sealed caldron, hotter than hell itself, in which rolling, steaming, frying, roasting in the putrid heat of nastiness and corruption, there stewed the villains of perdition, whose sins had been so great that pen of mortal or immortal had never dared attempt a description of their wickedness, lest

the hand that wrote be poisoned with corruption. And, as time rolled on, there gathered in the center of a heated dome a single drop of distilled damnation too vile to burn.

And one day there was a convention of fiends where the credentials were to be the foulest things even fiends could imagine. And by strange chance each fiend brought a single drop of damnation gathered with a spoon from the dome of perdition's vault—they were emptied into a waste vessel, and thus my soul was consolidated. And then to give it life, each fiend and villain damned gave an offering. Each gave a part of himself to make me a pet of hell. One contributed hate; another, envy; another, falsehood, another, cowardice; another, treachery; another theft; another, infamy; another, tyranny; another, licentiousness; another, malice; another this, and another that; till, disgusted with their offerings which filled a pot with slime, they left me in a hiding place till infamy consolidated, and I took the form of human child, was christened Benjamin Fiend Butler, and here I am, getting ready to return to my numerous home, as no one hell could endure the disgrace, infamy, and beastly corruption I should take there. And to make my name more infamous, my birthplace was Massachusetts!

And here I am at a man's estate, a living evidence of rascality, corruption, double-dealing, trickery, fraud, swindling, cowardice, bank-robbing, spoon-stealing, woman-insulting, house-plundering, enemy-aiding, country-betraying, government-sucking, treasury-fleching, soldier-killing, prison-filling, God-forgetting, hell-deserving, truth-ignoring, virtue-wronging, negro-loving, vice-caressing, man-deceiving, law-destroying, church-pilfering, bullion-bagging, cotton-stealing, diamond-finding, vessel-clearing, crockery-marking, speech-making, town-sucking, enemy-helping, powder-wasting, officer-murdering, spite-loving, nation-disgracing, friend-forgotten, and all-detested thief, robber, braggart, plunderer, bag-eyed bullion-bagger, and the most detested, corrupt, selfish, false-hearted pet of perdition in all annals of crime and infamy, past, present, or to come.

I am rich in money—all stolen. I am rich in spoons—all stolen. I am rich in banks—all stolen—but exempt from taxation, as I wish I was exempt from the pen pictures of "Brick" Pomeroy, of the *La Crosse Democrat*.

And I glory in all my meanness, as I glory in the fact that all over the land are Christians who think I am honest—as I glory in representing Massachusetts

in a Rump Congress—as I glory in the fact that I, and such as I, hold millions of dollars of United States bonds, on which no taxes are to be paid, and on the interest of which, wrung by labor from poor men and women, all such thieves as I can live in ease as others support us, and in no fear of justice so long as us thieves can make laws. Look on me, worlds here and elsewhere, for there never was, there never will be, there never can be another *Beast Butler*!

I am a good thing in my place, and hell is the place for me.

No wonder the person called my father went to sea after begetting me, where his death at the yard-arm for piracy were preferable to owning me as a son. But he did not know to what I would come—to what greatness! First a Democrat—then an instigator of rebellion—then an advocate for war to punish those who once believed me honest—then a coward in uniform, thief at all times—a woman insulter among my betters—a traducer of virtue, morality, and honesty from my birth! I blew up Fort Fisher, and managed the impeachment cases, a fizzle equal to the Dutch Gap Canal!

Not much on a pedigree—less as an officer—nothing as a statesman—super-excellent as a thief, but too

cowardly for a highwayman; I am just fit to be a leader of the God-and morality party, and manager of their political lawsuits. My iniquities fill my skin—my virtues would not fill a spoon which—*veni—vidi—vici!*

Rise Christians, and salute your manager—BEAST BUTLER.

BUTLER, COME DOWN!

A little Travesty, patriotically dedicated to the head-light on the "God and Morality" party's engine.

Brute Butler! Ben Butler! come down with the spoons
That you stole when robbing the South!
For it looks bad to see a blue-blanketed beast
With honest folks' spoons in his mouth!
When you were dressed up by the nation in blue,
And sent forth to war on the people you'd sold,
None but those who best knew you thought you would
do

As you have done, stealer of silver and gold!
Come down! Come down! Come down!
Ben Butler, Beast Butler, come down!
Oh, hear you the voices in hell
Ringing out over wailings and groans—
For the fiends all know there full well,
They'll meet Butler, the stealer of spoons!

Brute Butler! Beast Butler! come down with the
spoons,
And the gold and the silver! You thief!
You blundering butcher, oh, list to the moans
At Big Bethel, and the women stricken with grief,
Whom you insulted and robbed in your tour—
Your highwayman's tour to the Gulf—
When you robbed, and you blundered, you lied, and
you stole,
To fill your pockets with plunder and pelf!
Come down! Come down! Come down!
You bag-eyed spoon-thief, come down, &c.

BUTLER IN NEW YORK.

Ben Butler, the Woman Insulter.

Ben Butler, the Spoon Thief.

Ben Butler, the Cowardly apology for a Man, and worse than a Beast.

Ben Butler, the Powder-boat Braggart.

Ben Butler, the Tyrant of New Orleans.

Ben Butler, who was so securely bottled up by General Grant.

Ben Butler, the would-be Impeacher of the President.

Ben Butler, one accursed of God and abhorred of men.

Ben Butler has been insulted!

We didn't think it possible to accomplish such a result—did not believe it to be in the power of men to insult the crawling, writhing, loathsome Massachu-

setts maggot; but if we are to believe the republican papers, he was grossly insulted in New York! And journals which applauded the indignities offered the Constitutional President of the United States when on his recent tour to the tomb of our dead Douglas—who had not a word of rebuke for the Indianapolis outrage, where republicans attempted the President's assassination, now inveigh against the men of New York, who, with that independence ever prepared to honor true manhood, or express their hatred of all that is mean and cowardly, showed Butler how much and how heartily they despised the vile miscreant and miserable wretch.

On the afternoon of Friday, Butler spoke in the City Hall Park, located at the intersection of the Second, Third, Fourth, and Sixth Wards. An immense police force was present, but could not keep the crowd back that surged close up to the platform, hooting, jeering, and mocking at the monster! As he took off his overcoat and hat to commence his speech, some one hit him with an apple. The dispatch, narrating the scene, informs us that Butler coolly *took* it, and began eating it. We do not doubt the taking portion of the story—Ben has a way of *taking* things coming within his reach, whether in the shape of plate or less

valuable articles. His speech was very short, and, if we are to believe the telegraphic report, very bitter. But in the noise and confusion it was impossible to hear what he said, and the speech was doubtless manufactured the next day, to give the sneaking whelp a reputation for moral bravery!

We do not advocate any such acts—even Ben Butler should have been allowed to speak his piece without interruption. Still, New Yorkers have some especial reasons to hate the scoundrel, and display their hostility to his vile presence among them.

It was proposed during the memorable draft riots of 1863, in that city, by certain of the more rabid Lincolnites, to place New York under martial law, with Butler in command. Some of the wiser and cooler men of the party remonstrated, and Butler did not have the opportunity he so longed for to play the Brute in the great metropolis of the republic. It would have been a sorry day for Butler, for republicans in the city, for the city itself! His presence would not have been tolerated an hour in that position. His miserable carcass would have been converted into fish-bait, while the republicans who invited such an insult to the sturdy freemen of that city would

have ornamented lamp posts from the Battery to High Bridge!

Butler hates New York and its people, because both are democratic; New York and its democracy reciprocate that feeling most heartily! It is reported in the telegraphic synopsis of his speech, that he told the crowd *he had hung their betters!* Their equals perhaps, for the wretch who boasted that he had compelled some of the best women of the South to sue to him on bended knees, could be guilty of any other crime, and murderer we know him to have been!

We are further told that he informed the crowd that if "they did not behave he would yet have the pleasure of seeing them hung!" The apple that struck the fiend of Massachusetts evidently was a sour one, and brought out all the beauties of Butler. Rotten eggs would have been more appropriate spurs to his eloquence!

But we are indeed sorry he was disturbed or molested! We would not have him roughly handled or quickly killed! *Leave him to God!* There is a power superior to the rage of an indignant people! A Justice above us never sleeping nor forgetting criminals and outlaws! Butler's hour has not yet come! Other devils in human shape—other tyrants and haters of

Democracy—other foes of civil freedom have been ushered into the Mysterious Unknown at the right time! So let it be with Butler! His may be a fate worse than Robespierre's, than Marat's! His dead carcass may be dragged by the heels through the filth of some great city, by a crazed or infuriated rabble; he may yield his hellish life to the hangman and the halter; may even die on a Good Friday in a theater, or in his bed, surrounded by fearful specters, and haunted by the upbraidings and reproaches of conscience, uncared for, execrated; but let us leave him to God, who in His own way and time will summon the vilest of the vile to the place He has prepared for him!

The lesson Butler has received in New York will not be lost upon the Brute! He has learned, already, that the Republican roses strewn in his path cover Democratic thorns to sting him to the quick. That beneath all the fawning adulations heaped upon him by those who are so lost to decency as to flatter and caress him, there exists a hatred that never forgives or forgets, and a single outburst of which might send him headlong to perdition.

LETTERS.

(*From the La Crosse Democrat.*)

NO. 71 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY,
January 13, 1867.

M. M. POMEROY,

Editor Democrat, La Crosse, Wis.

SIR—When in Milwaukie, last October, I made all arrangements with parties there toward the prosecution of the suit I have brought against you for defamation of character, as per preliminary notification and summons. This was the principle object I had in visiting Wisconsin, and my work was done well. On consultation with a few friends, I have decided to withdraw the suit, if you will agree to stop your personal attacks on me as a man and an officer, which have so often appeared in your paper, the *La Crosse Democrat*. I have no particular desire or need to collect of you the amount claimed (\$100,000); but do wish to have your annoying articles stopped, and if you do not accede to this proposition, the law must take its course.

B. F. BUTLER.

REPLY.

Sanctum of the *Democrat*,
LA CROSSE, WIS., January 18, 1867.

Major-General BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, LL. D. :

SIR—Your note is before me by to-day's mail, and duly noted. As at present constituted, with a natural disgust for thieves, robbers, turncoats, military blunders, bank-robbers, women-insulters, and evil-hearted scoundrels generally, permit me in all kindness to say that I have no retraction to make to you, for I never published a word concerning you I did not believe true, and which you must know to be true as Holy Writ, if you are at all familiar with your own dishonorable history as a public being, dignified by accident of birth with the name of man. I would not willingly injure you feelings, or *deprive* you of your *world-wide reputation*, so well earned in the service of Butler *vs.* honesty, patriotism, and virtue. Nor do I wish you to die yet awhile, for your name, history, blunders, robberies, insults to women, and treason to your country, are valuable as warnings to the rising generation.

Believing you to be all I have ever charged you with being, confident in my full ability to prove *every*

charge, you are politely privileged to let the law take its course, when the world will know more of your robberies, history, ambitions, &c., &c., too numerous to mention. The only favor I ask of you is this—if you conclude to go on with your suit for libel and damage, to the amount of \$100,000, permit me to plead my own case in court, and give me only time to put my spoons, silverware, watches, jewelry, &c., &c., in some place of safety, outside the court-room, till the trial is over.

With best wishes for your success, and warm reception in your future home, I am, sir,

M. M. POMEROY,

Editor *Democrat*,

La Crosse, Wis.

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